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#1
NEW READER HALLOWEEN TREAT!
HACK/SLASH
NOMINATED FOR BEST COMIC BOOK BY SPIKE TV'S SCREAM AWARDS 2008
TIM SEELEY
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"THE STRANGE STORY OF CASSIE HACK"
CASSANDRA HACK GREW UP IN A SMALL TOWN IN WESTERN WISCONSIN. HER FATHER LEFT SOON AFTER SHE WAS BORN, AND CASSIE WAS LEFT WITH HER OVERBEARING, ECCENTRIC MOTHER: A COOK AT THE NEARBY HIGH SCHOOL.
CASSIE GREW INTO A BITTER TEENAGER, CONSIDERED A FREAK BY HER CLASSMATES. HER MOTHER WATCHED UNHAPPILY AS HER DAUGHTER WAS CHASTISED AND TORMENTED.
THAT'S WHEN STUDENTS BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR.
THE DISAPPEARENCES CORRESPONDED TO A SUDDEN STRANGE "MYSTERY MEAT" BEING SERVED IN THE HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA, AND IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE THE CLUES POINTED TO...
MRS. HACK... THE SCHOOL LUNCH LADY. HACK HAD BEEN MURDERING STUDENTS SHE FELT HAD TREATED HER DAUGHTER UNFAIRLY, AND SERVING THEM WITH A SIDE OF FRIES AND CHOCOLATE MILK.
WHEN CONFRONTED, HACK PLUNGED HER HEAD INTO A POT OF BOILING GRAVY, LEAVING HER TEENAGE DAUGHTER AN ORPHAN.

CASSANDRA WAS PLACED IN A FOSTER HOME, AND ATTENDED A NEW SCHOOL... BUT NEWS OF HER CONNECTION TO THE NOTORIOUS 'LUNCH LADY' MADE HER EVEN MORE UNPOPULAR THAN BEFORE.
SOON, GIRLS BEGAN TO DISAPPEAR, SIGNALING THE HORRIFIC RETURN...
...OF THE LUNCH LADY, REBORN AS A VENGEFUL 'SLASHER' FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.
FEELING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS, CASSIE HUNTED DOWN AND DESTROYED THE LUNCH LADY... HER MOTHER.
DRIVEN BY GUILT, AND LACKING ANY CONNECTION TO ANYONE OR ANYPLACE, CASSIE TURNED HER BACK ON A "NORMAL" LIFE, AND BECAME A HUNTER OF KILLERS.
IT WAS ON ONE OF THESE HUNTS THAT SHE MET THE MAN KNOWN AS VLAD, A MISSHAPPEN, GENTLE CREATURE THAT SHE MISTOOK FOR A SLASHER. VLAD BECAME CASSIE'S TRAVELING COMPANION, OFFERING HIS FIERCE, MONSTROUS POWER TO HER CAUSE.
TOGETHER THEY HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY 'SLASHERS'... WHEREVER THEY MAY BE, WHATEVER FORM THEY MAY TAKE.

A TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

HACK/SLASH™

CASSIE HACK IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF AN ATTACK BY A *SLASHER* CALLED THE *LUNCH LADY*... A SLASHER THAT HAPPENED TO BE HER *MOTHER*!

NOW, SHE TRAVELS THE WORLD WITH HER MONSTROUS PARTNER AND FRIEND *VLAD*, HUNTING DOWN AND *DESTROYING* SLASHERS WHEREVER THEY FIND *THEM*!

Written by TIM SEELEY Art by EMILY STONE
Colors by COURTNEY VIA Letters by BRIAN J CROWLEY
Design by SEAN K DOVE Edits by MIKE O'SULLIVAN

INTRO:

Written by TIM SEELEY Pencils by STEFANO CASELLI Colors by SUNDER RAJ Letters by MARSHALL DILLON

JOURNAL ENTRIES:

Written by SAM WELLS Design by SEAN K DOVE

Cover A by: TIM SEELEY
Cover B by: TIM SEELEY & STEFANO CASELLI

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PRESIDENT JOSH BLAYLOCK
C.E.O. PJ BICKETT
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER SAM WELLS
MARKETING MANAGER BRIAN WARMOTH
SENIOR EDITOR MIKE O'SULLIVAN

LIT DEVELOPMENT STEPHEN CHRISTY
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT CODY DeMATTEIS
ART DIRECTION SEAN DOVE
MANAGER OF FINANCE DEBBIE DAVIS

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ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
NOW.
SVVVNNNNNNNNNN!
SVVVNNNN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
I WANT YOU TO FREE ASSOCIATE WITH ME.
COME NOW. TALK TO ME. PAIN. AGONY.
WHAT DOES IT UNLOCK, MS. HACK?

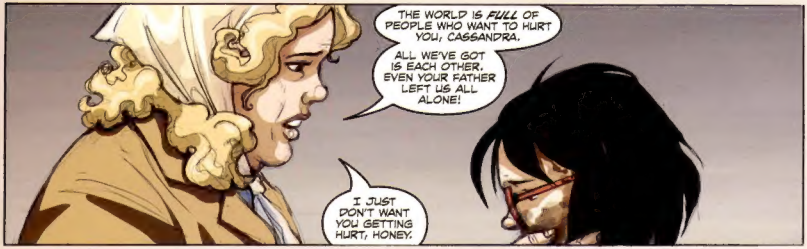
WEE WEE WEE...
WHAT?
I CAN'T HEAR YOU. SPEAK UP.
WHAT COMES TO YOUR MIND?
NNH... THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT WEE WEE WEE...
ALL THE WAY HOME.
MAKE YOUR JOKES. HIDE WITHIN YOUR CAGE OF FLESH. I STRIPPED AWAY MY OWN MASK TO FREE MYSELF.
AND I HAVE PEELED BACK THE LIES OF OTHERS UNTIL ALL THAT REMAINED WAS BONE.
MY TRUTH IS THIS: I DID THINGS TO MY STUDENTS... SICK THINGS, AND THEY TURNED ME IN. THEY RUINED ME.
SO, THERAPEUTICALLY, I TOOK THEM APART... REVEALED THE TRUTH ABOUT THEM.
YOU ARE NOT ONE OF MY STUDENTS, YET YOU SOUGHT ME OUT. WHY?
DID YOU HOPE TO STOP ME? IS THAT IT?
OR DID YOU SIMPLY NEED A PSYCHOLOGIST?
IF THAT IS THE CASE, THEN, LET US DO THIS PROPERLY. MS. HACK...
...TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN.
THEN.
WHATCHA DOIN', HACK?
SPREADIN' COOTIES ONTO THE SWING SET AGAIN?
FUCKIN' DIRTY, UGLY CUNT. SHE SMELLS.
I'M SORRY... I'LL LEAVE... I JUST WANTED TO SWING...
WHERE YA GONNA GO, STINKY?
HOME?
YEAH... SHE'S GONNA GO TELL HER BIG, FAT BITCH MOM.
OOH YEAH... WATCH OUT FOR THE LUNCH LADY!
HEY HACK, MAYBE YOU'D STINK LESS IF YOU TOOK A BATH.
SPLOOSH!

=HUNH=
=HUNH=
=HUNH=
AHUHHH...
AHUHHHH...
HAH. LOOKIT THAT CRYBABY.
YEAH... JOE, MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE HER ALONE NOW, MAN.
WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING!?
GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU BOYS! LEAVE HER ALONE!
GET UP HONEY. GET UP.
WHAT'D THEY DO TO YOU?
UN HUNNH... NOTHIN', MOMMA, NOTHIN'...

WHY'D YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE!?
I TOLD YOU NOT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE.
BU-BUT... MOMMA.

YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO YOUR MOMMY. I TOLD YOU NOT TO LEAVE...
...LOOK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DO! YOU GET HURT, THAT'S WHAT!


THE WORLD IS FULL OF PEOPLE WHO WANT TO HURT YOU, CASSANDRA.
ALL WE'VE GOT IS EACH OTHER. EVEN YOUR FATHER LEFT US ALL ALONE!
I JUST DON'T WANT YOU GETTING HURT, HONEY.

MOM... NOT... NOT HERE.

NOW.
FUCK YOU.
I'VE BEEN SAYING IT FOR AWHILE... I BELIEVE THE DAYS OF THE SIMPLE SLASH AND STAB ARE ENDING.
THERE'S NO STATEMENT IN IT. THESE DAYS IT'S ALL ABOUT THE GORE AND THE TORTURE.
IT'S DIFFICULT TO BE AN INNOVATOR LIKE MYSELF. BUT IT'S OBVIOUS I'M ON TO SOMETHING.
PHYSICA... PAIN UNLOCKS PSYCHOLOGICAL PAIN.
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE WHEN I MENTIONED YOUR MOTHER WAS PERHAPS EVEN MORE DELIGHTFUL THAN YOUR VISAGE WHEN I REMOVED YOUR TOE.
WHAT KIND OF PERSON SEEKS OUT KILLERS AND SADISTS, MS. HACK?
SVVVVnnnnN!
WHAT KIND OF PERSON FOLLOWS A TRAIL...
...OF BLOOD?

THEM.
AAAAAH!
ЭAHNNH ЭHUNH
OH GOD...
...PLEASE STOP, MS. HACK... PLEASE...
NOT SO BRAVE NOW, ARE YA JOE FITCH?
YOU WERE AWFUL TOUGH WHEN YOU WERE TERRORIZING MY LITTLE GIRL WEREN'T YOU?
WEREN'T YOU?!
MOM...
...MOM, YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS.
THIS ISN'T RIGHT MOM!
YOU CAN'T JUST KILL EVERYONE!
NOW CASSIE...
...YOUR MOTHER KNOWS BEST.
THOSE OTHER KIDS AND THIS BOY...
THEY WERE BEING SO CRUEL TO YOU. YOU'RE SUCH A SWEET GIRL CASSIE.
NEVER HARMED ANYONE. BUT THE WAY THEY TREATED YOU.
THEY LIKED TO HURT YOU. SOULESS CREATURES THEY ARE.
JUST SO MUCH MEAT.

NO!
ƷUNFE
CASSANDRA. WHY?
DROP THE AXE!
THIS IS WRONG MOM. I... I CALLED THE POLICE.
BUT, I'M YOUR MOTHER. ALL WE'VE EVER HAD IS EACH OTHER...
...
I LOVE YOU, CASSIE.
TSSSSSSSS

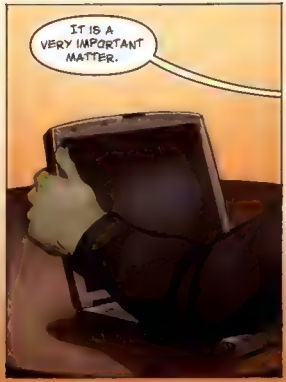
ANOTHER ONE DOWN.
...HMMM...
LET'S SEE... AN IMPULSIVE ATTRACTION TO VIOLENCE, A LACK OF CONCERN FOR OWN WELL-BEING.
A FAILURE TO CONFORM TO SOCIAL NORMS. NOT TO MENTION THAT FLAT VOICE AND THE DISPLAY OF LOW AFFECT.
I'D SAY YOU'RE A PRIME CANDIDATE FOR A DIAGNOSIS OF ANTISOCIAL PERSONALITY DISORDER.
A DIFFICULT DISORDER TO LIVE WITH.
WHEN NOT PROPERLY TREATED, THOSE WITH THIS CONDITION OFTEN END UP IMPRISONED OR ENGAGING IN RISKY BEHAVIOR THAT COULD LEAD THEM TO BEING INJURED. MAIMED EVEN.
THERE'S ALSO THE INTERPERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS.
THOSE SUFFERING FROM THIS DISORDER HAVE DIFFICULTY MAKING AND MAINTAINING FRIENDSHIPS.
TELL ME MS. HACK...
...DO YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS?

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
JESUS. WHO THE HELL DID YOU HIT?
SHIT, MAN... I DUNNO. BUT FROM WHAT WAS GOIN' ON UP HERE...
THIS IS EITHER A VICTIM OF THE MEATMAN KILLER OR IT IS THE MEATMAN KILLER...
WE DID IT... WE GOT THE REAL KILLER.
HURR... YES. WE GOT HIM.
I'M SORRY I ATTACKED YOU.
EVERYONE WAS SAYING THE MEATMAN KILLED ALL THOSE KIDS.
I... GOT CAUGHT UP IN IT.
OFTEN I AM BLAMED.
I HAVE LEARNED THAT MY FACE CAN FIND ME MANY TRUFFLES.
TROUBLES.
YES. ALSO THOSE.
WELL, THE SLASHER IS PASTED ALL OVER THE FRONT OF A TRAIN. I'M DONE HERE.
IT WAS... UH... GOOD TO MEET YOU, MEATMAN.

VLAD
MY NAME.
...IT IS VLAD.
LOOK... VLAD, I'M TRAVELING THE COUNTRY TAKING CARE OF SLASHERS.
AND, WELL, YOU WERE REALLY HELPFUL UP THERE WITH JULIAN...
...I COULD USE THE EXTRA MUSCLE. IT'S NO PARTY, BUT...
HURR... I DO NOT... HURR...
YES. I WILL GO.
WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER WITH OUR TRUFFLES.

NOW.
CAN I GET A SOY CHAI LATTE?
AND ALSO YOUR PHONE NUMBER?
OH.
THAT'S NOT THE REACTION I WAS...
HOLY SHIT!
HURR...
...DO YOU HAVE WIFEY ACCESS?
WIFEY?
OH, WI-FI...
...YEAH ...YES.

GOOD. I WILL NEED TO BORROW SOME, YES?


IT IS A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER.

PET TRACKS.com
KEEPING TRACK OF YOUR PETS
I MUST FIND MY FRIEND.

HE'S FREAKING OUT THE CUSTOMERS GO "TELL HIM TO LEAVE
BUT...
PLEASE!

HEY, UM... MAN?
YOU'LL HAVE TO UH... LEAVE?
Y'KNOW, CUZ, YOU UH... CAN'T BE HERE.

HURR... I APOLOGIZE.
IT IS RUDE OF ME TO USE YOUR WI-FI AND NOT BE A PAYING CUSTOMER.
I WILL HAVE A COFFEE YES?
UM... BUT... OKAY.

THIS ADDRESS. IT IS NEAR, YES?
UM... YEAH... THREE BLOCKS NORTH.
CONDOS, I THINK.
PET THROW COLLAR LOCATOR
GIVE THIS MAN MY COFFEE.
I MUST LEAVE. THANK YOU.
UM... ONE COFFEE FOR THAT GUY.
MY HERO.
I AM COMING, CASSANDRA.

HMM... STILL NOT TALKING, MS. HACK?
PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO SWITCH FROM THE TOES TO YOUR TONGUE SINCE YOU AREN'T USING IT MUCH ANY--
SWHOOF
UHHHH... SUCH VISCEROUS DISDAIN FOR THE MALE SEXUAL ORGAN.
SHUNNNH
PERHAPS I HAD YOU FIGURED WRONG.
...PERHAPS YOUR DISORDER STEMS FROM A DISLIKE OF MALES.
A RAMPANT CASE OF PENIS ENVY.
A STIFLED ELECTRA COMPLEX.
WHAT'S WRONG, MS. HACK? DID DADDY NOT HUG YOU ENOUGH?

THE L
HI DEB. YEAH... THIS IS DELILAH.
I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU'D SEEN JACK DOWN THERE AT THE PUB.
NO? YEAH, OKAY. NO... NOTHING SERIOUS.
HE JUST... WELL, HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HOME A FEW HOURS AGO. SURE.
WELL, LET ME KNOW IF HE SHOWS UP.
MR. P.NK, MOMMY'S WORRIED CUZ DADDY DIDN'T COME HOME FROM WORK.
I'M NOT WORRIED.
DADDY W..L BE HERE ANY SECOND.
ANY SECOND

I'M AFRAID THAT LAST BIT OF ACTING OUT HAS CONVINCED ME THAT YOU ARE UNTREATABLE MS. HACK.
TIME'S UP. THIS SESSION IS OVER.
WHA--?
HURR...
WHO'S HERE? COME OUT!
HURR...
COME OUT, OR I'LL CUT THE GIRL FROM CHIN TO BELLY BUTTON...
...AND LET HER WATCH HER INSIDES SPILL OUT.

GHUH
SHLIST!
SHLIST!

CASSANDRA!
YOUR FOOT!
I'M FINE. JAMIE ME. HE'S ALL MINE
WANNA KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT ME DOC?
I'M REALLY FUCKED UP
Noooooooooooooo!

OTEL
ELLO
I DO NOT THINK WE SHOULD USE YOU AS BAIT ANY MORE. IT IS TOO RISKY.
DAMN IT. THAT'S ANOTHER SHIRT THAT I CAN'T WEAR OUT IN PUBLIC.
WE GOTTA STOP BLEEDING THESE GUYS OUT SO BAD. WE CAN'T AFFORD THE WARDROBE COSTS.
DAMN, DAMN, DAMN!
I TOTALLY LOVED THESE STOCKINGS!
I SAID I AM CONCERNED. THIS PLAN WAS TOO DANGEROUS.
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED. NOT TO MENTION WHAT ELSE HE COULD HAVE DONE TO YOU.
CASSANDRA?
CASSANDRA?
AHUHHH... AHUHHHH...
IT IS... OKAY LITTLE CASSANDRA. IT IS OKAY.
AHUHHH.

NE CRIME CENTER
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
THIS IS DR. WHITE.
I'M FOLLOWING UP ON REPORT #60G4...
...YOU'VE FOUND NO EVIDENCE THAT CELTOTECH IS CARRYING ANY FURTHER RESEARCH INTO THE PHENOMENON?*
GOOD. ARRANGE FOR ANYONE WITH ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINNESOTA BRANCH'S ACTIVITIES TO GO INTO "RETIREMENT". YES. THE USUAL.
BAG AND TAG EVERYTH NG YOU FIND IN THE MINNESOTA FACILITY AND HAVE IT SENT HERE.
I DON'T CARE HOW CRISPY IT IS. I WANT IT.
YES. THANK YOU. GOOD NIGHT.
DR. JACK HACK, PSYD.
DR. JACK HACK, PSY

NEW YORK CITY
WHOOOOO!!!
I TELL YA WHAT. I NEVER BOOKED YOU GUYS CUZ YOU SUCKED. BUT, YOU GOT SOMETHING GOIN' NOW.
YOU REALLY PACKED 'EM IN. HOW'D YOU DO IT, SIXX?
SIMPLE, MAN. I MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL.
YEAAAHHHHH!
HAH, YEAH, THE DEVIL.
MMMFF
MMMFF
SiX SiXX Dressing room
MMMFF
MMMFF
TO BE CONTINUED...

HACK/SLASH™

STARRING
HERBERT WEST,
the guy who likes to reanimate stuff!
Part 3 of 3

WRITTEN BY
TIM SEELEY

ISSUE 17 • 2 COVERS
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SLASHER
DIARY
No. 353
-Cassie Hack
80 sheets

May 5th-- Turns out the info we had that led us to Atlanta was right. It also led me straight into a trap that the creatively named, "Dr. Gross" had set up. Two toes and a good ole fashion psychoanalyzing session later, I came to terms with two things. Vlad's a good guy to have on your side when tied to a chair, and I have always been half searching for my dad, even if at the time, I didn't realize it.

DR. GROSS
LOSING SOME NET GROSS

June 2nd-- We're passing through Tennessee today so I think I'll take Vlad to the store and try to find something to replace all the blood stained clothes that we've been racking up. I swear, if there was someone to bill for all of this, I turn this into a freaking corporation!

June 3rd-- Okay, looks like Chris has my journal tapped. CHRIS IF YOU'RE READING THIS SOMEHOW I SWEAR TO ALL THINGS UN-HOLY THAT I WILL KILL YOU! And if it's not tapped then this is just as freaky as some of the slashers we deal with, Chris just called with a lead and ended the conversation mentioning his pet project "Hack/Slash, Inc." Might not be a bad idea, but I'm not a huge fan of pulling my friends into danger just to help me out. Either way, it's off to Florida for a "business trip."

June 9th-- Well me and Vlad are back at our hotel getting cleaned up. Today we landed in Ybor City, Florida to check out Chris's lead on the band, Acid Wash or whatever they're called. So far nothing out of the ordinary but we did meet Georgia and she got us a free buffet at her job and helped us score tickets to tonight's show.

Today's weird note: I never knew they had buffets at strip clubs.

Oh well, we're off to check out the band and look into the rash of teen disappearances connected to their concerts. Rock, rock on.

June 7th-- Here's a list of stuff that I would like to never have happen again:
Meet a talking hairless dog/thing (I'm sorry, Pooch, but you're one ugly K9.)
Leave this universe/plane of existence for one with an even worse healthcare system.
Meet the King. Dead or alive that guy is definitely NOT a hunk-a-hunk of burning love.
Be prepped and dressed to carry the spawn of a weird squid-penis god creature. There are enough creepy guys in this world to keep me from dating as it is.
Ps - The band SUCKED.

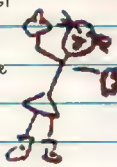
THIRD VICT

July 23rd-- I've been worried about Vlad's lung infection. I think he may need new filters in his mask. Gotta go- Georgia's calling me back right now!

July 30th-- Looks like we have another round with the sinner-killer, Father Wrath. Vlad and me found a third victim bludgeoned to death with a giant cross. Next town on the trail is just up Hwy 411, Haverhill. If only I could call ahead and tell everyone to stop sinning for a few hours until I could get there. *Le sigh*

July 31st-- Well looks like I didn't have to call ahead. Freaking Haverhill is more PG than Christmas at the Brady Bunch household. Vlad suggested we go back into the main part of town to try and scout for where the "young ones" gather. He's got a way with words, but when he's right he's right. Piece and hair-grease!

July 31st-- That was pretty easy, within two hours I've got the scoop on the most likely place that Father Wrath will attempt to "score" as well as a date for this hormone infused event and the most ironic costume I could find. Usually costume school dances aren't my cup o'tea, but given the circumstances I think this



"naughty nun" get up will even put me in good spirits. I have to stop now so the puns don't kill me before Father Wrath gets a chance to. Let's go see what Vlad thinks about this change of "habit". UGH!

August 2nd-- On the road again, but thanks to Vlad once again we were able to take care of the Slasher preying on the guilty. This time it wasn't the Father Wrath we all know and love, but instead his sick and twisted nephew, Samuel Lawrence.

~~Looks like "psycho" runs in the family.~~

GUH! Vlad won't let me forget that he lost his virginity. I wish I was tall enough to high five him as much as he deserves it. Or at least to slap him and tell him that girls don't really find that sort of conversation interesting. Speaking of girls, I wonder what Georgia's been up to. I'm probably going to give her a call here soon if Vlad doesn't shut up...

September 23rd-- Had to remind Vlad today that Unicorns are fantasy and Zebras are real. For a second I thought he was pointing out that nature's sense of humor is a bit dark. But then I remember it's Vlad and his favorite comic book is Chippy Chipmunk. Heh, whatever, at least he was able to get all the good apples down from the trees at the orchard today.

September 24th-- Vlad is getting on my NERVES telling me that I talk to Georgia on the phone too much. Though I am getting pretty hungry, spending money on minutes instead of delicious Jo-jo cookies. But the good news is that Hack/Slash, Inc... er, Chris and Lisa just called and said that there's been some really disgusting deaths and the latest one has turned up in Maryland. Wait, I guess that's not good news. But I'm looking forward to the change of scenery.

September 26th-- We checked out that body and they were right, it was pretty freaking gross. No leads right away so I'm supposed to meet up with Lisa's friend, Linda Marsh at the Franco Belle Women's College to find out if she can be of any help. It seems as though Mrs. Marsh has a very interesting urban legend to tell me about. Vrooom!

??

GROSS

September 29th-- Something is definitely queer here, and I'm not just talking about the student body. (What is with all the puns, Cassie!?) I've got to look into this "Tub Club" that I've picked up on. Man this really can't turn out good.

October 2nd-- Tub Club has been disbanded! Okay so it turns out our old friend Emily Christy, AKA Ms. America was behind all the deaths and corruption of young minds at the college. I'm really getting sick of these sequels when it comes to slashers. I'm not looking forward to when that freaky little doll decides to turn up again.

At any rate, Ms. America has been put down once again and we were able to save a few of the stupid girls that fell into her paws, not to mention Mrs. Marsh. Which helped a lot since she patched me and Vlad up afterwards, free of charge. Those are the kinds of friends we need!

But even the weird snake-creature-shape that Emily Christy took didn't scare me as much as when Vlad handed me the address that Dr. White guy gave him right before he died. It's apparently for someone that knows how to get in contact with my father. Watch out Jack, I'm finally consciously coming for you...

October 17th-- Awesome, well the address led us to a big bloody mess, a pile of paperwork and a confrontation that I wish I could take back. We had to fight of a bunch of wild kids that had been injected by Dr. Phillips with some cells from the slashers or "revenants" as the evil medical community likes to call them.

Though the house burnt down in the struggle, I was able to get a list of suspects for the

man that might be my father. Vlad and I figured that Jack has probably changed his name and now we're going to go through the list until we find him. I feel like I'm hunting for Carmen San Diego. Man I feel so bad for those kids... and Vlad. For some reason he refuses to call them children, he keeps referring to them as the "little childern".

October 29th-- Lisa sent me an email with our un-furry friend making his internet debut. Looks like the creepy talking dog couldn't keep to his side of the plane of existence. Hopefully the Neflords didn't send Pooch after me. So I've asked Chris to go hunt him down and make sure he doesn't end up in some lab somewhere, until I can figure out why the little fucker's shown up. In the meantime, the fearless duo are off to Portland to investigate a reported "masked killer".

Nov 1st--I completely didn't realize that yesterday was Halloween. When you're in our line of work you tend to forget the day that everyone else plays dress-up. What a perfect day to go looking for a masked killer. Me and Vlad are heading to the spot in the city where most of the deaths occurred.

Nov 3rd-- Nathan, our "masked killer" was not so much a slasher as he was a heart-broken vigilante. Looks like I caught up with him on his last kill and last breath.

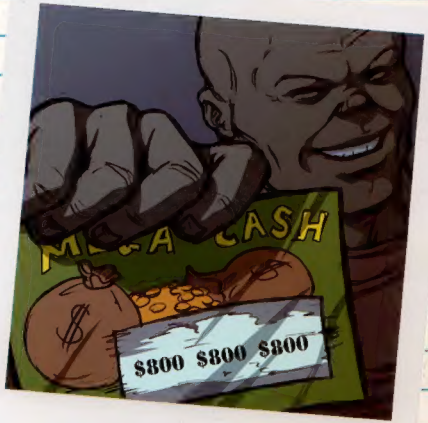
Talked to Georgia tonight, she mentioned some happenings over at the set of some crappy Wizard of Oz remake in the long-horn state. Let's hit the trails, Vlad!

Nov 5th-- The yellow brick road will have to wait. We're making a big ol' U-turn and heading back to the west coast. There's some nekkid ladies that need our help. Vlad is driving faster than I've ever seen.

Nov 9th-- I've now got four VERY pretty contacts in Los Angeles, my own profile on suicidegirls.com and about 900 or so "friends" that have seen my very own nekkid photos. All that over some cyber-slasher named DIABØLIQ. Makes me rethink how much I loved the movie Hackers.

Nov 13th-- I'm sick of these "Milk n Cheese" dreams! No more late night

snacks for you young lady! On the super-plus side, Vlad scratched his way into riches. $800! Whoo-hoo! We're trading up while we get Old Whitey repaired. The RV should fit right in when we get to Alder County to investigate our next suspected slasher.



WOOT

Nov 16th-- Vlad seemed to be able to solve this last one on his own. Has he been book-learnin' behind my back?! Any-who... Alder County is free from the reign of terror brought on by "Eddie and the Treehugger-Fems". That's SO my new band name!

Nov 22nd -- Two things I hate about our recent trip to Del Valle, Texas. 1 - I finally got my wish for a midget-slasher in the form of a mini Tin Man. 2 - Georgia thought it was a good idea to go at it alone without waiting for me to tackle this one. One thing I like about the recent trip - I got to see Georgia again. Time for bed, I should probably stop eating these EZ-Ritos.

Dec 1st -- I'm so glad that we're staying in the warm part of the country for the winter so far. Though I do have an awesome new coat Georgia gave me that I'm dying to try out. But Alas, me and Vlad are working our way down the list 'o' daddy names.
Next up... Gordon Stewart! Team Hack/Slash, transform and roll out!

HACK/SLASH CAST GUIDE

Cassie hack-The quintessential "Final Girl," Cassie roams the country hunting "slashers," to protect others from sharing her horrifying experience.

Vlad- Cassie's powerful partner whom she originally mistook as a slasher. Master of the Machete, and all around cool guy.

Pooch- an alien, dog-like creature from a realm called NEF, Pooch was assigned to kill Cassie, but instead became an ally/pet to Chris and Lisa.

Chris Krank- Saved by Cass and Vlad, Chris now aids them as tech/comm officer of the basement-based HACK/SLASH INC. Lives with Lisa...still hasn't found a "real job."

Lisa Elsten- A veterinarian saved by Cass and Vlad, Lisa now acts as the brains behind HACK/SLASH Inc.

Margaret "Georgia Peaches" Crump- a Florida based actress/exotic dancer. Cassie's current/friend/confidante/ girl crush.

Delilah "the Lunch Lady" Hack-Cassie's mother, and notorious serial killer and slasher. Though "dead" she continues to haunt Cassie's life.

Slasher Check List

Delilah "Lunch Lady" Hack
Bobby Brunswick
Father Wrath

Lloyd and Jimmy Sundermann
"Evil Ernie" Fairchild
Ashley Guthrie

Mortimer Strick
The Waking Man
Karl "X-O" V0x

Acid Angel
Hibachi Devil
Charles "Chucky" Lee Ray

Emily "Ourobouros" Cristy
Edgar "Eddie" Dill
Father Wrath 2

Dr. Gross
Six Sixx
Ian "D1ab0l1que" Mattheson

Sgt. Ryan Kramer
Laura Lochs
Dr. Herbert West

** Denotes Non-Slasher enemy